A new method

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/44594104.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	Gen
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Original Female Character(s)
Additional Tags:	Dissociative Identity Disorder, Will Graham has DID - Dissociative Identity disorder, Post-Fall (Hannibal), Murder Husbands
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of There Are Cons To Growing Comfortable
Stats:	Published: 2023-01-28 Words: 967 Chapters: 1/1

A new method

by orphan_account

Summary

Will still has DID, and Hannibal meets someone new during a less than convenient time.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Will ducked just in time, just barely avoiding an elbow to the nose. He used to momentum to crouch and sweep his prey's feet off the ground, but not before being grabbed and dragged down with the other.

He straddled the pig and quickly knocked its head backwards into the hard floor, disorienting it. He finished the job with something Hannibal recommended he don't do to often, which was punch his prey's face until it stopped squirming and fell limp. It did exactly that but Will was left with a reminder of just why Hannibal disapproved of this method.
Fuck, his knuckles were bloody and burning with pain. He couldn't tell if it was the pig's blood painting his skin, or his blood, or a mix of both.

Will looked up at the thought of Hannibal only to see signs of a struggle leading towards the main hall of the pigpen- house. Of the house.

He got up and started towards that direction only to stop when he saw another pig, its back towards him, holding a knife and preparing to step towards two bodies wrestling in the living room.

Will knew one of those bodies was Hannibal's. He also knew the man was currently not expecting or accepting more company.

His next movement was...a blur. He can't quite remember executing his plan of attack or doing anything at all, but he remembers seeing it happen.

His body grabbed the pig's shoulder and twisted its armed hand behind its back, making it release the knife which his hand gladly took. The pig twisted around just as his body sliced forward, making a direct line across its throat.

The pig raised its arms to grab its throat to see and stop the wound from doing any damage, but Will's body kicked the pig forward and it fell gracelessly. No doubt causing a concussion if it wouldn't die before then.

Hannibal was just about done with his prey, he approached Will's body but-

But she flinched away.

"No, no, no, no! I'm sorry!" ,She screamed, dropping the knife and stepping backwards step by step. "I- he was going to hurt you- I didn't mean to-"

A soft voice with a heavy accent spoke to her: "Look at me, please."

She looked away from her bloodied hand and the still twitching body to see Hannibal step over it and approach her slowly. Unarmed.

"Very good. Can you tell me your name?"

"What- Oh. It's, uh, Layla."

"Hello, dear girl. Do you know me?"

She nodded.

"And yet I do not know you. Let me take care of the mess, then we shall redeem that. May you take off your protective suit and wait in the vehicle? It's in the garage to your left."

"Oh, are you sure? I can-" she looked at her poor victim and shuddered. "...ok. I'll wait there. Please be safe."

"I make sure to be." Hannibal smiled. She found herself strangely comforted by it.

She took the door to her left, holding herself back from saying an awkward goodbye.

"Ok...time to get rid of this...full body condom?"

She heard someone burst out laughing in her head, making her flush in embarrassment and chuckle weakly.

"Oh, come on! What else am I supposed to call it?"

A full body condom, a voice repeated, tone breathy from laughter.

"Shush, you!" She said, starting to peal said suit off.

She threw it aside and climbed into the back seat of a black, uh...fancy car. She wasn't sure about the type, but it looked expensive.

Layla took a moment to center herself. Hannibal wasn't mad at her for her sloppy work, nor most definitely for the fact she killed a man in the first place. He seemed....delighted.

Maybe he didn't have enough friends who shared his hobbies? She can't imagine her and Hannibal have many friends, nor even many people in her head who support their actions.

Personally, she had an..unpleasant past with murder, yet she was no stranger to it. She could pull a trigger and hit a target right where she wanted, but a knife?
She knew how to use it, she just didn't enjoy getting so close to her kills.

She preferred waiting in a hidden place, quiet, waiting for her target to find a perfect spot for her to end their life.

It was just more efficient.

Now, though, she flinched away from her weapon as soon as it did its job. Layla felt disappointment run through her.

Then the trunk opened, and in were put a heavy looking cooler, a plastic wrapped knife that looked familiar and two of the dirty con- uh, "protective suits".

The trunk closed swiftly followed by the driver's seat door opening.

Hannibal looked unsure, but only until he caught her looking at him in the back view mirror.

"Ah. There you are, Layla. Would you like to sit upfront?"

"Oh. Sorry, I assumed you wouldn't want that."

Hannibal smiled at her through the mirror, amused. "Never assume I want anything less or more from you."

Right.

...What?

Regardless of her confusion, Layla got out through the right back door and entered the passenger seat.

The silence seemed awkward and uncomfortable as she clicked her seatbelt.

"So...what now?"

Hannibal turned the key and the car purred to life, then a sudden loud noise startled Layla and she looked behind them to see the garage gate opening.

She sat back straight and sighed in relief.

"Now, dear Layla," Hannibal started, pulling out of the house, "you tell me about yourself while I drive us home."

"Where...is home?"

"That is for me to worry about. Tell me, what's your favorite food?"

And the car ride passed smoothly.

Well, as smoothly as it could, considering everything.

End Notes

I'm still working out how to have Hannibal interact with a little, or if Galahad would ever even feel comfortable enough with him to let a little front around him.

We'll see! Thank you for reading

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!